



Touring in Britain

OR

BRIEF SKETCHES OF A RECENT
VISIT TO ENGLAND AND
SCOTLAND

BY

REV. W. H. WARREN

ST. JOHN, N. B.
PATERSON & CO., PRINTERS
1899

Glimpses of London.

In compliance with a pressing request on the part of our MESSENGER AND VISITOR friends, the following brief sketch of a recent trip to England and Scotland is given for the entertainment of any who may be interested in the matter. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that nothing but the merest outline can be given of what active tourists saw during nearly three months of sojourning in the fatherland. The pen is too slow a machine for such an undertaking, and even the tongue gets tired in the attempt. It would require days to give an intelligent idea of what one sees at a single glance. At best we can but imitate the example of the Roman emperor, who carried home a pocketful of pebbles in order to give his countrymen an idea of the character of the British Islands. Confronted, moreover, with the snapping scissors of the inexorable editor, we are warned to be "brief and to the point."

The passage from Halifax to London in the month of May is usually a pleasant one. Congenial fellow-tourists help to cheer us as we float along over the world of waters. Eleven days seem a long time when we are out on the ocean; but they grow shorter and brighter as we near the other shore. Screaming sea-gulls above us, and huge whales and porpoises around us, furnish fairly good entertainment as we move along day by day. Still better is the amusement we derive from a sturdy old salt, from North Britain, who enters into a lively debate with some of us, maintaining firmly that the world is not spherical in form, but flat as a pan-cake, and pitying the poor children of the present generation who "have to learn so much nonsense."

Thus the days slip past more quickly than we had anticipated ; and great is the delight of all on board when we catch the first glimpse of Scilly Islands light. The morning following ushers in the day of rest, and we lift our hearts in thanksgiving to Him who has brought us safely across the great sea and permitted us to look upon the picturesque shores of the fatherland. The beetling rocks of Devonshire pass in review before us, and we gaze long and eagerly upon the far-famed Eddystone Lighthouse, which stands on a treacherous rock about nine miles from the coast. We get glimpses of the Isle of Wight, of Dover, with its chalk cliffs and old castle, of Goodwin Sands, where so many ships have been stranded, and of Ramsgate, where the hardy coast-guard keeps ceaseless watch over the wild waves in order to afford speedy aid to distressed mariners. As we pass Thanet Island we think of the boyhood haunts of our good Dr. Cramp, who came from that locality.

A few more hours of pleasant sailing brings us to the mouth of the Thames, where numberless craft are seen winging their way to all points of the compass. We admire the fine fields and green hills which rise on either side of the famous old river. To the south lies Sheerness, where a large number of British warships lie at anchor. A charming sail of two or three hours brings us to Gravesend, where we must disembark and take the train for London. Tilbury is just across the river, and its powerful guns peep from the great fort erected by Henry VIII. to keep marauders away from the metropolis of the empire.

A short but interesting ride on the cars brings us to the great centre of civilization—London. Our hearts beat more quickly as we look upon its crowded streets and its immense public buildings. We are really here at last in this modern Babylon !

What a motley throng meets our gaze! Rich and poor jostle in the streets; hucksters strive to sell their wares; newsboys shout the titles of their papers; policemen with bright buttons seem to be everywhere; rattling carriages pass along; and every imaginable element of city life seems to fill the endless streets. We pass through Cheapside, Fleet Street and the Strand. How familiar these names! And there is the great dome of St. Pauls, with Ludgate Bridge just beyond! We hurry along to Charing Cross, then to Trafalgar Square, to Picadilly Circus and Hyde Park. The city seems to have no limits. We have already gone more than ten miles in very nearly a straight line, but "the end is not yet."

A cosy retreat in Pembridge Villas affords us all necessary comforts during our stay in London, and the pastor of a St. John Baptist church, with his amiable wife, form very agreeable companions during our entire trip. A company of five is an ideal group for touring—the fifth person is always moderator.

After a refreshing rest in our new home, the serious business of sight-seeing is calmly and systematically undertaken. Each evening we make our plans for the next day. This is simply a necessity in all successful sight-seeing, securing an economical expenditure of time, energy and money.

A ramble through Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park gives us a good idea of the beauty and usefulness of the public parks. We admire the splendid equipages of Rotten Row, where lords and ladies regale themselves on all fine days. The elegant spire of the monument erected to the memory of Prince Albert glitters like a pinnacle of burnished gold, and near by we see Royal Albert Hall, one of the largest and finest audience rooms in the world. Here we had the pleasure of listening to Rev. John McNeill, the Scottish evangelist, whose stirring ad-

dresses have been blessed in the accomplishment of much good among all classes. Here, also, we listen to a grand concert, in which the colossal organ is accompanied by the Life Guard Band. Such music we had never heard before. It was unique, indescribable and enrapturing.

The South Kensington museums are now visited, but the pen stops as if paralyzed by the very thought of attempting a description. We must sum up our references to all the great museums in but a few words. They seemed endless in number, in extent, and in variety. In them we see samples of everything that science has discovered or art devised. It is a collegiate training to go through them carefully with observant eye. The British Museum especially is a mighty repository of objects of great historic and general interest.

We visit galleries of notable paintings, museums of military and naval mementoes. Here we see objects of the most thrilling interest, such as the hat worn by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, the skeleton of the horse which Napoleon rode in his flight to Paris after the great battle; the bullet-pierced coat in which Nelson fell at the naval engagement of Trafalgar. Objects like these confront us at every step, for London is itself one great museum of relics of British progress.

Westminster Abbey and St. Pauls Cathedral are visited, and a feeling of awe possessees us as we gaze silently upon the symbols of departed greatness.

"Our tread is on an empire's dust."

Here we see the secret of English heroism. England never forgets her heroes. Her children are taught to honor their names and to emulate their valor.

In the Tower we look with covetous eyes upon the glittering gems and gold of the Crown Jewels;

but we forget their glitter as we wander among the cruel implements of torture and warfare crowded on the floors, walls and ceiling of the armory. There is the gashed block on which many a fair neck was laid when the horrid axe standing near by came down with fiendish energy, severing throbbing head and quivering body. But we hasten away from these scenes of bloody deeds.

Crossing Tower Bridge we visit the ruins of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, so memorable to those who had the privilege of listening to the burning words of the great preacher of days gone by. It was sad to see the grimy ruins of the splendid edifice which formerly occupied this site. A few days afterwards we had the satisfaction of listening to the younger Spurgeon, regarding whom we have something to say hereafter.

Points of interest along the Thames were duly visited. Greenwich lies about six miles down the river. Its Painted Hall is full of memorials of great admirals, captains, explorers and navigators. The room in which are kept the relics of Sir John Franklin and other Arctic explorers is one of thrilling interest. Woolwich lies about two miles further down the river. Its vast arsenal, in which seventeen thousand persons are constantly employed in preparing war material for the empire, is a wonderful place. We there get some idea of the number and variety of death-dealing implements employed in our army and navy. The period when "swords shall be beaten into plow-shares and spears into pruning-hooks" has evidently not come yet.

Going up the river we visit Lambeth Palace, the city residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and obtain a glimpse of the Lollard's Tower, where so much cruelty was once practised on the followers of Wiclif. Then we go further up, through lovely scenes of rural beauty, till we reach Hampton Court,

the former residence of English kings and queens. Its glories have faded, but it is still a place worthy of the tourists' attention.

We now proceed to Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where we are delighted beyond measure with the magnificence of the display. It is fairy-land. Such an array of interesting objects, such wealth of architecture, such endlessness of attractions can only be comprehended by visiting the place. The display of fireworks in the evening surpassed the wildest vagaries of romance.

Our visit to the "Zoo" was a constant surprise. Like Adam we seemed to stand and see the whole animal kingdom passing in review before us. Beast and bird, fish and reptile came under our scrutiny.

A pleasant visit to Windsor Castle gave us a good idea of the home of our gracious Queen, and a peep at Her Majesty's face was peculiarly gratifying to some of our party. The scenery around is perhaps the finest in England. All that wealth can do to beautify the grounds has been lavishly done. But this article is already long enough. We shall next visit English Midlands and Lakes.

English Midlands and Lakes.

The rural scenery in England is very pretty. Long lines of luxuriant trees, neat roads, trim hedges, and tasteful homesteads give a peculiar charm to the landscape. In the southern shires the land is generally level and highly cultivated; but in the north we meet with hills and dales, crags and gorges, and regions of country not capable of thorough tillage.

In passing through the midland shires we notice many towns of greater or lesser importance. Whilst

at Windsor we visited Stoke Pogis, the home of the poet Gray for many years. There we saw the venerable church in which he worshipped and the old elm under the shade of which he wrote his immortal Elegy. There, too, was the humble monument which marks his resting place.

Bedford, the scene of good John Bunyan's imprisonment, was visited on our northward journey. A vacant corner is all that is left of the old prison house; but a meeting house near by and a fine monument in another spot indicate the change which has come over the public mind respecting the distinguished dreamer. We walked a mile or two to see his cottage at Elstow and to get a glimpse of the church, whose bells he used to ring when a boy, and of the Moot-house in which he afterwards preached. Noble Bunyan! His persecutors are forgotten, but his name grows more and more famous.

We pass by Kettering, where William Carey's great modern missionary enterprise was inaugurated. At the Baptist Missionary Rooms, London, we had seen a number of very interesting memorials of Carey; but this town seemed a more imposing monument of his missionary zeal.

By a branch line we make a short visit to Olney, for many years the home of the poet Cowper. The town is quaint and ancient. We visit the house, now vacant, in which the poet resided with Mrs. Unwin. Here we see his study, the place where he kept his rabbits, and other rooms occupied by him. In the little den, known as his summer house, we sit down amid the memorials of the many poems he composed there. Near by is the old parish church and the burial place of Rev. John Newton, whose hymns form so valuable a part of our service of song.

Newstead Abbey, the early home of Lord Byron is

next visited. The fine estate of the author of *Childe Harold* has undergone great changes since his day. It is now pitted with mines and railway stations. The Abbey is in good preservation. We call at Hucknall Torkard to see the spot where the distinguished poet was buried.

At the large city of Nottingham we spend some time, visiting its Castle containing a vast collection of military curiosities, and rambling among its lace factories. Here Charles the First unfurled his banner to resist the revolutionary armies of his times ; and many a bloody conflict was waged in the vicinity of this city.

As we proceed northward we notice that the landscape becomes more rugged and less fertile. Towns are seen nestling among the hills, and the smoke of numerous factories and mining establishments fills the air. The sources of Britain's wealth become obvious. Scores of cities, large and small, are passed by, chief among which may be mentioned Sheffield and Leeds.

We soon find ourselves among the treeless hills of Yorkshire and Westmorland. We dash over ravines, through long tunnels, up hills and down dales in a romantic region of country. Arriving at Appleby we change cars for the Lake country. A pleasant ride through undulating reaches, bordered by picturesque mountains, brings us to Penrith. Halting here for a short time we visit Eden Hall, the ancient seat of the Musgraves, and Gloucester Arms Inn, where is shown the rooms once occupied by Richard Third. Then we hurry on to Keswick, on the pretty borders of Lake Derwentwater.

It is evening. We hasten to ascend Castle Head, from which we obtain a glorious view of the surrounding scene. The beautiful lake repose peacefully at our feet. Around us tower the heights of Skiddaw, Scafell Pikes, and a host of similar sum-

mits. Away to the west is seen Crossthwaite church, where the remains of Southee lie buried, and nearer to us Keswick lies in stillness and beauty. The town is one of the typical old English centres, and its traditions are very interesting.

Next morning we do some further sight-seeing around Keswick and then take our seat in a large carriage for a romantic ride to Windermere. As we ascend the hills we gain views of the surrounding scenery not soon to be forgotten. Fine vistas of lake and vale, hill and ravine, open before us. We pass many a glen and babbling brook, shadowed by luxuriant wild-wood and tinted with purple heather. About noon we reach lake Thirlmere, a small but pretty sheet of water lying among the surrounding hills. Further southward we reach the charming valley of Grassmere. The lake is one of the finest in this region, and the rural scenery all around is peculiarly attractive. Here the poet Wordsworth lived many years in a neat residence known as Dove Cottage. His remains repose in the neighboring churchyard.

Our coach now winds around a grassy mountain, on the side of which are seen many quaint villas and cottages. Dove Nest, the home of Harriet Martineau, is one of the most interesting; and on the opposite side of the stream is seen Fox Howe, the former residence of Dr. Arnold. It would have been delightful to spend a few weeks in this lovely place.

We now come to Ambleside, an old but pretty town of about three thousand inhabitants. It is supposed to have been a Roman station, and fragments of tessellated pavements and other remains are found in the neighborhood. The streets are narrow and the houses antique in style, having old-fashioned doors and alcoves.

Lake Windermere soon opens before us in all its

striking beauty. It is the largest of the English lakes, being ten miles in length and about one wide. The scenery around the northern end is especially grand. Mountain peaks are seen in all directions. Elegant residences peep from cosy groves, and populous villages lie along the shores. Islands dot the blue expanse, and boats and steamers gaily skim over the rippling water. Fine castles are seen here and there on either side. We sail the entire length of the lake in a commodious little steamer.

Reaching Lakeside we seat ourselves in the train and pass around the skirts of Morecambe Bay. The coast scenery is wild and impressive. A number of towns are passed by and some fine landscapes viewed till night shuts out the exterior world from our gaze. In a few hours we find ourselves at the great western emporium of England—Liverpool.

Next morning we make good use of the omnibuses in viewing the sights in Liverpool. We pass the house formerly occupied by Gladstone, get glimpses of the principal streets and public buildings, go to the parks, ride beside the docks, and spend a forenoon very profitably in this way. Liverpool is a great city, and its volume of business comes next to that of London in extent.

Taking the train we start eastward, passing through Manchester the great cotton-manufacturing centre of England, and through a host of smaller towns and villages. When we reach Derbyshire the scenery undergoes a marked change. Limestone hills and bald crags, without either trees or grass, meet our gaze in all directions. We could easily imagine that we were in the dead regions of the moon. Yet in these regions wealth has her busy centres of activity. Here are limestone and gypsum quarries and factories for preparing the finished material for the artisans throughout the country.

Among these wild hills are found many Druidical remains, circles, barrows and cromlechs.

Derby and Leicester are passsd by as we rush on at lightning speed. Once more we come to level reaches of park-like beauty and luxuriance, and in a short time we reach the town of Kettering, from which we return to London over the same line as that on which we had originally started out northward.

Our next article will give a sketch of the trip through the land of Scott and Burns.

Among Scottish Heather.

The ride by rail from London to Edinburgh presents to the tourist an ever-changing panorama of some of the most interesting and beautiful scenery in Britain. Swift trains, picturesque landscapes dotted with pretty towns and villages, fields encircled with green trees, roads skirted by trim hedges, and pleasing variety in the contour of hills and valleys, combines to afford a scene such as cannot fail to sustain a feeling of uninterrupted admiration in the spectator.

A ride of about nine hours brings us to the land of heather, of mossy glen and lovely loch. Passing Carlisle, we soon find ourselves moving along the sunny banks of the river Esk, which marks the boundary dividing the two countries. In this lowland region we are delighted with the pretty hills and streams and gently sloping pasture lands. We recall many incidents we have read respecting the daring deeds and bloody conflicts of the Border fame as we look upon the grassy crests of the Cheviot Hills, and we seem to hear the battle shout of a Wallace or a Douglas resounding among the rocky

glens. But our reveries are abruptly terminated by the announcement that we are at Melrose.

At this pretty little town we stop for a day or two in order that we may take in its many charming sights. We climb the Eildon Hills and obtain views inspiring as those of Moses on Nebo. We stroll beside the babbling Tweed; visit Abbotsford, the former home of Scotland's favorite writer, Sir Walter Scott; linger among the treasures of his library, his armory, his drawing room and his elegant halls. Then we visit Melrose Abbey, one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the British Isles, and gaze with admiration upon its exquisitely finished carvings and traceries, its grotesque corbels, its clustered shafts and its massive pillars. Here lies buried the heart of Bruce, and near by repose the ashes of Sir David Brewster. Under the inspiration of this visit we go to Dryburgh Abbey, a similar scene of ruins, but more remote from any place of residence and therefore more solitary and weird. In the north transept of this latter Abbey lie the remains of Scott—a shrine visited annually by thousands of his admirers.

Seated once more in the comfortable cars we are borne rapidly along towards the Forth. We pass the bustling town of Galashiels and rush along through a beautiful valley, having the Pentland Hills on the west and the Hills of Lammermuir on the east. At length we sight the blue waters of the Forth and catch a glimpse of Dalkeith and Portobello. Arthur's Seat towers up in the west and assures us that we are near the "modern Athens." In a short time we enter Waverly station and step out into the crowded streets of Edinburgh.

We are not disappointed by the view we get of this fine old Scottish city. It is picturesque, clean and artistically arranged. Here we spend five weeks in unremitting sight-seeing. The story is too long

to tell of our visit to Edinburgh Castle, with its old moats and dungeons, its royal apartments and armory, its crown jewels and other objects of interest ; of our visit to Holyrood Palace, with its curious paintings, its many touching mementoes of Mary Queen of Scots, and its remains of departed royalty ; and of our rambles among the various museums and other places of note in this great city. We scaled Salsbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, perambulated Duddingston Loch ; visited the neighboring castles of Craigmillar, Roslyn and Hawthornden ; and rushed in the cars across the monster Forth Bridge.

In a pic-nicking excursion we sailed down the Forth to its mouth, getting fine views of North Berwick, Tantallon Castle and Bass Rock ; and it was our privilege to stand upon the battle-field of Preston-Pans, where the Young Pretender gained so brilliant a victory over the forces under Sir John Cope.

Then we hurried away to the Highlands. On our way we spent a day at Stirling, looking through its historic Castle and its Greyfriars church, and roaming over the neighboring field of Bannockburn, where the great Bruce gained so surprising a victory over his English assailants.

Passing through this very beautiful region of Scotland we are borne along to the loveliest scenes of all. From Callander we ride westward on a stage coach through glens and along lakes of surpassing grandeur. The Trossachs especially fill us with admiration and delight. Mountains tinted with purple heather, forests of rich luxuriance, lakes in which nature blushes at her mirrored charms, rugged crags and mossy dells, all combine to awaken something like poetic inspiration in every breast. Loch Katrine claims the highest meed of praise. Its bewitching loveliness can only be conceived by those who have crossed its azure bosom.

Riding among the wild mountain passes from lake to lake, having here and there a glimpse of some beautiful cascade falling in snowy whiteness from the heights above, we cannot refrain from the frequent use of unique interjections expressive of our unbounded joy. Think of grave parsons and their wives and families shouting like inspired savages overpowered by the sublime grandeur of surrounding natural scenery!

We pass over Loch Lomond, near which the grand Ben Lomond is seen raising its lofty summit more than three thousand feet above our heads. A light haze hovers midway in the air, adding a peculiar charm to the view. We cross on rapid wheels from Tarbert to Inversnaid, and then sail the entire distance from this point of Loch Long to the Clyde.

We visit Greenock, where scores of steel ships are in course of construction, and then join an excursion party going by steamer to Inverary. Sailing down the Clyde, dotted on either side with pretty towns, we pass through the narrow Kyles of Bute, and pass swiftly over the surface of Loch Tyne, till we reach the small town of Inverary and see the castle which forms the residence of the Duke of Argyle. We pass many quaint towns, dilapidated castles and places of historic interest. The day is pleasantly spent, and we return to Greenock.

Glasgow, the largest city in Scotland, is next visited. We roam about its fine parks and notice its centres of business. Its University buildings are the finest we have seen in either Britain or America.

But we must hasten to Ayr, the home of Robbie Burns. A few hours ride on the train brings us to this time-honored place. We are soon at the cottage in which Scotland's pet poet was born. Its rooms, kept with utmost care, remain just as they were when the youthful bard lived in them. Near by is

Alloway Kirk of Tam O'Shanter fame; and a little beyond is the old Bridge of Doon and the neat monument erected to the memory of the poet. Many are the visitors who come to this Scottish Mecca.

After lingering awhile among these objects made familiar by early reading we return to Edinburgh and make our plans for journeying homeward.

Echoes From British Pulpits.

To give a Canadian's impression respecting British pulpits and preachers is the aim of the present article. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the genuine pleasure two pastors from the Maritime Provinces experienced in wandering at their sweet will among churches of various evangelical denominations and listening to the gospel as it is preached by English and Scottish divines. We commend this privilege to other brethren in the ministry.

That our kinsmen beyond the Atlantic are a church-going people is very obvious to even a casual observer. In all directions we noticed that the congregations were encouragingly large. The pulpit seems to maintain a strong hold upon the masses. The forms of religious service, however, appear to show more distinct differences than among our Canadian churches. Here these differences are minimized by the intermingling of all classes in each denominational organization. But in England the great lines of separation seem to be intentionally emphasized by the more prominent religious bodies. The Establishment seems to take special pride in running its ritualism to the utmost extremes; whilst Dissenters are as zealous as their Puritan ancestors in showing their antipathy towards this ostentatious ecclesiastical display.

The great cathedrals and abbeys were, of course,

visited by our party, and the imposing services participated in with becoming solemnity. We were much awed by the dim religious light, the grand symbols with which superstitious art has embellished these sanctuaries, and especially by the gorgeous ceremonials connected with the services. Amid showy robes and glittering furnishings we could not keep from our minds the suggestive words of the inspired historian who, in Acts 28:14, quietly but significantly remarks, "And so we went toward Rome." Without any prophetic vision or inspiration we may safely predict a serious cleavage between the upper and lower strata of the national church.

The splendid performances in Westminister Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral are certainly impressive. But it was plain to any observer that the restless audience did not to any considerable extent join in the exercises. People came and went during the services much the same as they do at ordinary exhibitions. There did not appear to be any marked spirituality in the ceremonies. And, so far as we could form any opinion, this condition of things seems to characterize the services of all churches of the same faith and order.

Among non-conformists we met something more pleasing. Rev. Thomas Spurgeon preaches to a congregation of three or four thousand who listen to his earnest words with the most marked attention. The stillness of the great assemblage, the manifest interest taken in the preacher's words, and the heartiness with which the entire multitude join in the service of praise give unmistakable evidence of the spirituality pervading the dissenting classes. Non-conformist congregations generally bear the stamp of this higher type of religious life.

More than once it was our privilege to listen to the fine discourses of Dr. Clifford, who wields a

powerful influence in western London. Possessing a highly cultured mind and a perfect mastery of the English language, he speaks with a clearness and energy unsurpassed by any other preacher. He grapples fearlessly with the errors and shams of the present age, and with keen lance punctures the specious sophistries of modern religious adventurers. He has long held his present pastorate, nor does he show any signs of losing the confidence and esteem of his people. We were led to wonder whether the elder Spurgeon would now be disposed to regard Dr. Clifford as a leader in the "down grade" movement.

In Dr. Joseph Parker, of the Temple, we recognize a speaker of marked versatility and strength. His brilliancy surprises and dazzles sedate Canadian parsons. We are captivated by his new and striking interpretations of Scripture; but we sometimes more than fear that he sacrifices truth to his love of novelty and to his passion for making things appear different from what we thought they were. But he holds a vast congregation with a firm grip, and his printed works are exercising an influence for good over the wide world.

At Regents Park, where the Baptist church can easily be mistaken for a private residence, we had the pleasure of hearing our American Dr. Lorimer. His audience was such that but little space remained unoccupied in any part of the building. His sermon was a typical American effort—loud, spicy, serio-comic and brilliantly sententious. The audience laughed and stared by turns, as though they scarcely knew what to make of such a speaker. Dr. Lorimer's voice has become badly shattered by unnecessarily loud public speaking. But he is a marvellous man in his way, a pulpit hustler who will always get a hearing in any part of the English-speaking world.

In our rounds among the churches we did not intentionally pass by any evangelical denomination. We heard several admirable Presbyterian sermons, and a number of the warm, earnest discourses characteristic of the Methodist body. The limits of this brief article forbid any attempt to particularize in relation to either speakers or congregations.

While in Edinburgh we heard a still larger number of eminent divines. Among these was the well-known Dr. Newman Hall, now almost eighty years of age. He retains much of his early vigor and tenderness, and his touching sermon resulted in leading about a dozen persons to rise for prayer in a meeting immediately following the preaching service. We also heard the distinguished Dr. White, whose literary productions are becoming of late so numerous and so widely popular. But it is only honest to confess that we failed to understand what there is in his sermons to bring such vast crowds every Sunday to hear him.

At old Tron church we heard a young Presbyterian divine reading his well-prepared theological essay ; but our thoughts went back to the days of Wishart and Knox and Chalmers, whose burning words would set the world in a blaze whilst our modern neatly-dressed essayist was lighting his match. We learned from a number of intelligent Scotch church-goers that anything like earnestness or energy in the pulpit is not at all relished by the people. The gospel must be served up to them in smooth and polished periods. The rude Devil is ignored in refined circles ; and Hell is too repugnant a word ever to find its way to cultivated lips. The average Scottish sermon is an intellectual feast, very soothing to the worldly conscience, and but little adapted to trouble the minds of unconverted persons. Some of the sermons, however, which were preached in our hearing, were marked excep-

tions to this rule. There are noble men in the Scottish as well as in the English pulpits who do not hesitate to sound the old-time notes of warning to the people to "flee from the wrath to come." We shall not soon forget the faithful sermon of good old Dr. Wilson in relation to the importance of giving timely heed to the voice of conscience, and the awful consequences of disregarding its warnings.

On the whole, our little party came to the unanimous decision that, all things considered, we would prefer the average preaching of the Maritime Provinces to the average preaching of the Fatherland. What our preachers lack in fine rhetoric and in captivating elocution they more than make up in downright earnestness and Scriptural simplicity. There seems to be more meat and less dressing in our average Canadian sermons than in those of the old country. But wiser and more impartial judges may entertain very different opinions respecting this question. We must gratefully say that there are many noble workers in the Master's vineyard beyond the Atlantic. Their faithful efforts have already had a rich fruitage, and we have no fears as to their thorough devotedness to the glorious work of spreading the tidings of salvation among perishing men.

109568

DAll
W3

Warren, W.

Warren 109568